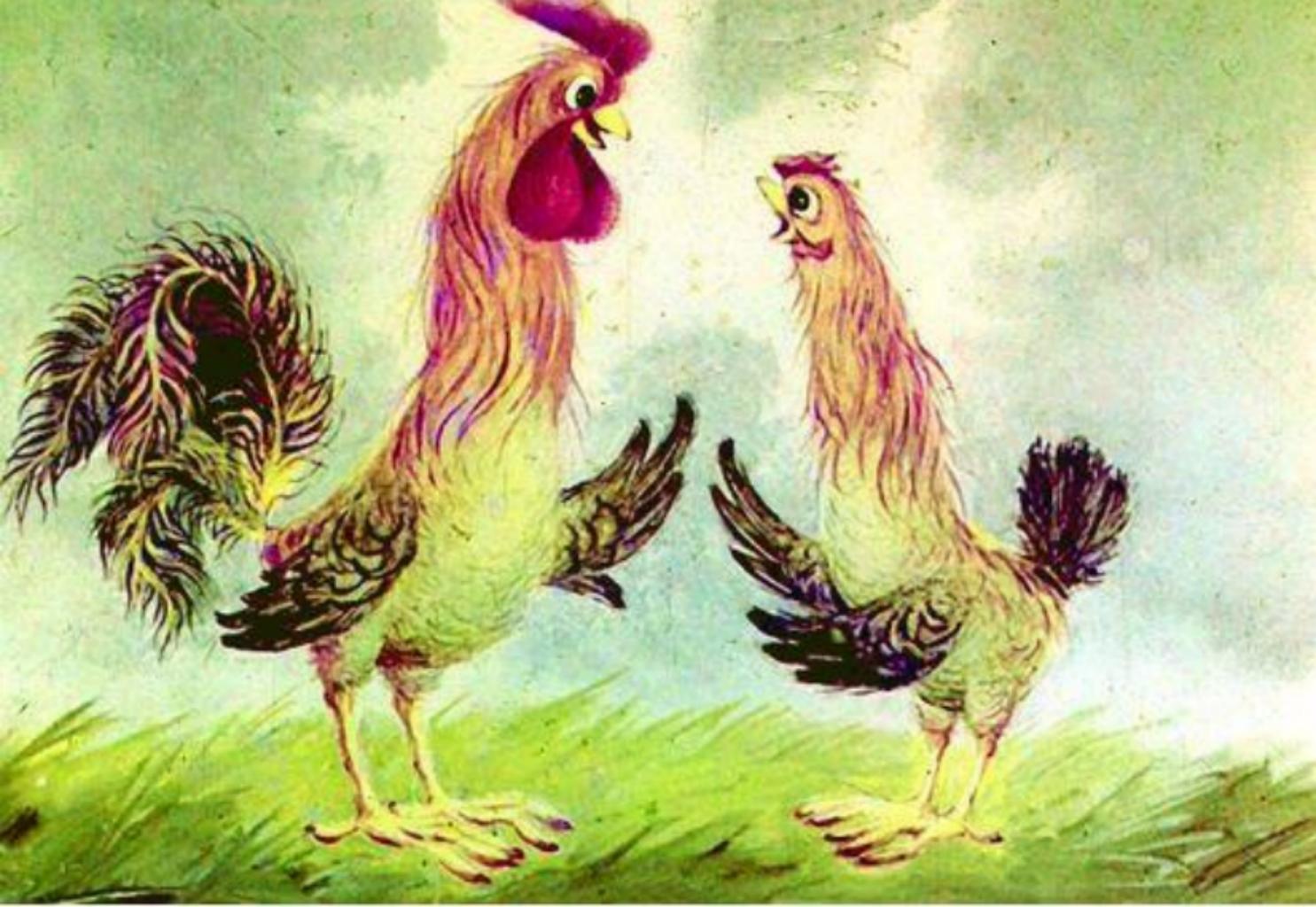




Konstantin Ushinsky

BEST TO WAIT!

Translated: Eve Manning, Illustrated: V. Manulovich



Once upon a time there
lived a cockerel and a
pullet, brother and sister.



One day when the cockerel was running about the yard he found some greenish currents and began to peck them.

“Don’t eat those, Cockie,” the little pullet warned him, “wait until they are ripe.”



But the cockerel did not heed her; he pecked and pecked, and then—well, he could hardly drag himself home!



“Oh, oh,” he groaned, “I have
such a dreadful tummy-ache,
Sister! Oh dear, oh dear!”



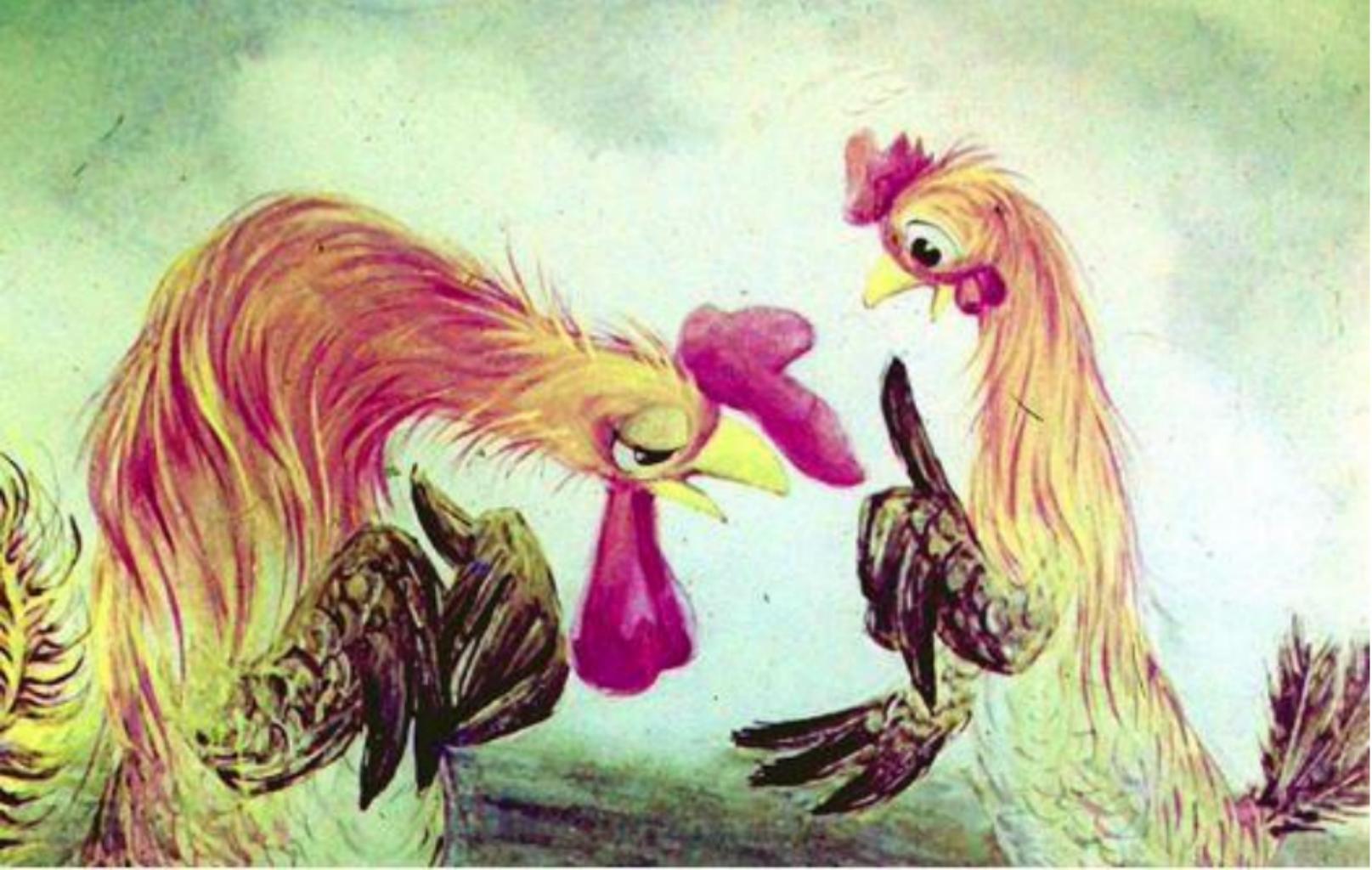
The little pullet gave him a hot peppermint drink, and put a mustard plaster on the place that hurt, and it passed away.



When he was quite well again Cockie went out into the fields; he ran about, he jumped about, even flew about a little until he was quite hot. So off he went to the river to get a drink of cold water.



Again his sister warned him:
"Don't drink now, Cockie,
wait till you cool down."



But Cockie did not heed her, he took a good long drink of that very cold water. Very soon he was feverish, he was hot and cold and felt very bad indeed; his sister could hardly get him home.



She ran for the doctor who
prescribed some very nasty
medicine and made Cockie stay in
bed for a long while.



It was winter by the time he
was really well, and the river
was covered with ice.



He wanted to go skating right away at once and again his sister warned him.

“Wait a bit, Cockie. Let the river get properly frozen. The ice is still thin, you can go through.”



Again he did not heed her, and went skating. And what happened? The ice cracked. The ice broke. And that was the end of Cockie.